FOOLISH GAMES



Footish Games - 3 - 1 PV97120





Verse 2:

You're always the mysterious one with

Dark eyes and careless hair,

You were fashionably sensitive

But too cool to care.

You stood in my doorway with nothing to say

Besides some comment on the weather.

(To Pre-Chorus:)

Verse 3: You're always brilliant in the morning, Smoking your cigarettes and talking over collee. Your philosophies on art, Baroque moved you. You loved Mozart and you'd speak of your loved ones As I clumsily strummed my guitar.

Verse 4:

You'd teach me of honest things,

Things that were daring, things that were clean.

Things that knew what an honest dollar did mean.

I hid my soited hands behind my back.

Somewhere along the line, I must have gone

Off track with you.

Pre-Chorus 2:

Excuse me, think I've mistaken you for somebody else, Somebody who gave a damn, somebody more like myself. (To Chorus:)

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